THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 33.

Boston, Saturday, December 13, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 58.

THE PROGRESS OF FICTION.

We may amuse ourselves as we please with fine discourses about reason and argument, abstract truth and bold sentiment; but notwithstanding the principles of logic, mankind will continue to be governed by prejudice and feeling, by the inspiration of momentary thought, or the ebullitions of evanescent passion. That which occupies the fancy will have more effect than what merely convinces the mind. I had rather make the popular songs of a country, (said an able inquirer into human nature,) than to enact its penal laws. The last might obtain a cold and reluctant assent; a compliance in public through fear, and a disregard in private with delight; but the sentiment of a song floats with its music and imperceptibly finds its way to the heart. To the impulse of reason is added the pleasures of fancy, and the mind scarcely waits for conviction when it finds itself amused. Thus the first essays of mankind in literature have been connected with fiction; and the most durable efforts of genius been the associates of fancy. The rudest and the most polished people have alike favoured invention rather than imitation, and been more disposed to admire the exuberant productions of fancy than the cold calculations of facts or the logical deduction of truths.

But though a taste for the fanciful decorations of art has always been more congenial to mankind than a desire for the rude outlines of nature, yet fashion has marked its changes as well here as in other regions of opinion. There was a time when the monstrous absurdities of heathen mythology were listened to with pleasure, and minds of more than ordinary strength bent in submission to unnumbered deities of earth, air and skies. But when the omnipotence of Jupiter was no longer dreaded, and the influence of Minerva had decayed with the reign of her pretended father, folly soon became acquainted with beings not less imaginary and nearly as powerful. Giants and monsters of every description claiming affinity with the human race, yet maintaining perpetual war with beauty and innocence, were arrayed with all the terrors of a deluded imagination, and drawn out in perpetual array to intimidate and destroy. The popular delusion was universal, and the cavalier armed cap a pie for encounter was the only protection for the frail beings within the power of these terrific marauders. But whether fatigued with the severity of duty or ashamed of the magnitude of the folly, which this ridiculous

credulity enforced, the advocates for this species of creation surrendered their belief to more agreeable delusions. Gnomes and Sylphs, and beings formed of air, and witches and enchantment and sorcery beyond the power of nature soon flitted before the perverted imagination, and popular credulity was prepared to admire the wonderful influence of incorporeal agents, who made it their sport to be busy with sublunary occupations. For a while those who could read diverted themselves with the detail of strange actions by these mysterious beings and those who could not read, shuddered at every wind on which their breath might be heard and at every darkness in which they were presumed to dwell. The power of the fairies was believed to extend through earth and air; and favorites were permitted to receive communications of their designs, to predict the future as though its mysteries were known, and to regulate the wonderful vicissitudes of the times.

After credulity has satisfied itself with these fashionable follies, and submitted long enough to the direction of imaginary agents, beings cloathed with new horrors were introduced to the mind, and the populace were taught to tremble at the expected appearance of disembodied spirits, at the troubled ghosts of wandering mortals, who still had an interest in the concerns of life.—General belief gave currency to fiction, till to doubt its decrees were little less than blasphemy; and he who dared venture to distrust the appearance of phantoms and sprites, might expect the next time he was alone in the dark to be carried off by some of them in revenge for their insulted authority.

But in thus tracing the progress of a taste for the marvellous, how far are we distant from our own times? In fact but a very little way. The public ear is as open as ever to every thing that claims alliance with the strange and the wonderful. The plain tale of truth is too insipid for amusement, and no one seeks for pleasure in any other descriptions than those which keep the mind on the stretch by alarming accidents, horrid visions, haunted castles, love sick damsels, and all the etcetera of romantic nonsense. It is not now, indeed, as formerly, a theory in general belief that perturbed spirits visit these lower regions; yet, by a strange kind of inconsistency, the romances which present them in the most dismal array, are received with avidity and held in incessant demand. Even the gloomy imagination of Lewis was able to create corresponding sensations, and his Monk and his spectres dance through the affrighted brain of many a delirious novelist. The mysterious tales of Mrs. Radcliffe have been equally the wonder and the terror of the age, and the vitiated taste of the times has relished nothing but the utmost extravagance of fiction, seasoned with all the horrors which madness could devise. One of the most tremendous associations of every thing dreadful and terrific, has been introduced to the world with the mortifying preface, "*that it was published in conformity with the taste of the times.*"*

In company with these excesses of intellectual perversion, fictions of more easy, natural, and more *seductive* principles, have contrived to associate. The modern novels, led on by the same fashions of taste, have carried every thing to excess. Virtue too bright and glowing for mortal frality, vice too detestable

* Three Spaniards.

for human nature: sentiments too attenuated for practice; philosophy which had nothing of wisdom but its name, and manners that tho' formed on the model of the world, were rendered impossible by the evils and accidents of life, were held up to the admiring eye as real presentments of this motley state of existence. But the extremes of these pleasures of delusion appear to have passed; a more rational system is coming into fashion, and it is but justice to remark, that the last importations from the regions of invention have had some regard to probability and nature.

It is far from being the mark of a strong or cultivated mind greatly to admire these exertions of invention. The moderate embellishments of fancy are judiciously made to soften the severities of truth, but like the desert of the table, they should never occupy the place of more substantial food. Credulity is generally in proportion to ignorance, and wonder and astonishment are no proofs of an enlightened understanding; but of all, it is least rational to be fond of descriptions which every moment's pause tells us are beyond the reach of nature; of stories which no weakness can believe to be possible, and of the invention of agents when reason revolts at their existence. E.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(Concluded.)

The style of this gentleman's parliamentary speeches is peculiar, and extremely eloquent.—He is less argumentative than brilliant, and his sparkling wit, and frequent employment of anecdote and classic allusion, obtain the praise, even of his opponents, and often lessen the asperity of political discussion. On the 6th of March, 1805, he moved the repeal of "the additional force bill," and after a comparative estimate of the military force of the nation in 1804 and 1805, by which he made the augmentation of the whole body of the army to consist only of eleven thousand men, seven thousand in foreign corps, and four thousand in the cavalry, while there existed a deficiency of eight hundred and fifty-six men in the infantry, he maintained "that the bill had failed, completely failed! the returns of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales having jointly, under the operation of this measure, produced only 1295 men, while out of that number 266 have deserted or been discharged, leaving 1079 effective soldiers, and 343 only have entered for general service; that is to say, the right honorable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) with all his machinery, has been enabled to raise after the rate of four men and a quarter for each county in England!

"It does not appear," adds he, "from a particular examination of the whole matter, that the parish officers are much worse agents, with all their local and sympathetic energies for raising men for the army, than the regimental recruiters. It appears, however, that they have not been so solicitous to give the King a good soldier, as they have been to get rid of a vagrant. Hence in Lancashire, they have 255 deficient by desertion or otherwise. Where the right honorable gentleman's own influence was particularly directed, 11 men were procured, all of whom deserted; and in that very district, where his authoity and popularity are so abundant, where all the people admire him as a general, as much as they venerate him as a politician and a statesman—I mean

the Cinque Ports—the spot of his own residence—he has contrived so far to stimulate martial policy, as to have been able to raise one man:

"At ille leo est."

"I wish," adds he, "we could get look at this extraordinary fellow; he must be a very Hercules. He is a wonderful recruit indeed! This reminds me of the story of Lord Donegal's troop of light horse—when a certain general asked, after an engagement, 'where Lord Donegal's troop of light horse was?' a man rose up and said, 'I am Lord Donegal's troop!'

"So if you ask where the Dover, Deal, &c. volunteers are, out steps a man from the Cinque Ports, and says, 'Here I am!"

The late Mrs. Sheridan died of a decline in 1792, leaving an only son, Thomas, now an officer in the army, who acts at present in the capacity of aid-de-camp to Lord Moira, and presented himself as a candidate for the borough of Liskeard at the last general election.

At the expiration of three years, Mr. S. married Miss Ogle, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, by whom he has also a son.

Since that period he has purchased Pollesden, near Leatherhead in Surrey, formerly the residence of Admiral Geary, where he occasionally resides. He has also obtained the office of receiver general of the duchy of Cornwall, estimated at 1200l. per annum.

In private life, Mr. Sheridan has always been considered as a charming companion, abounding in wit and talents, and admirably calculated to set "the table in a roar." As a public man, his conduct has been eminently consistent, and he is to rank amongst the first-rate orators of his day.

It has already been observed, that he spoke for the first time relative to the riots; but he first distinguished himself in the House of Commons, by his defence of Mr. Fox's East India bill, added not a little to his reputation by a masterly dissection of the Irish propositions, and obtained the meed of general praise by his celebrated speech against the late governor-general of India. It was the impeachment of Mr. Hastings which fixed his reputation on a permanent basis, and enabled him to display a vein of genuine eloquence, seldom equalled even in a British senate.

The late Mr. Logan, well-known for his literary efforts, and author of a most masterly defence of Mr. Hastings, went that day to the House of Commons, prepossessed for the accused and against the accuser. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend, "All this is declamatory assertion without proof;" when the second was finished, "This is a most wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is a most atrocious criminal;" and at the last, "of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

After the death of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan was appointed treasurer of the navy and a privy counsellor. His son is joint muster-master general of Ireland.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 8.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapienta dixit

The Jew, or Benevolent Hebrew, (Cumberland) and Raising the Wind.

Wednesday, Dec. 3.

So eminent in Dramatic literature has been the character of the Jew of Mr. Cumberland, that it has sometimes

been made a question whether Shylock or Sheva, is the truer delineation of nature. It is a remark equally well founded in truth and judgment, that while the characters drawn by other poets are too often an individual, those of Shakespeare are commonly a species; and this we think is the line of distinction to be marked between the Jew by Cumberland, and the Jew by Shakespeare. *Sheva* we fear will be found to have few parallels in existence; while *Shylock* can claim consanguinity with a large fraternity. In truth, the design of Mr. Cumberland, as he avows it himself, was not to make Sheva the sample of the order, but to rescue a forlorn and persecuted character, from being made a spectacle for contempt and a butt for ridicule.

Notwithstanding this was a hasty production of the author's the plot is well designed, replete with incident, and is consistent throughout. The language is sentimental; but not foolish; witty but not quibbling; and characteristic, without extravagance. The scene is conducted with great ingenuity, and a moral of an instructive tendency is the result of the piece; all parties are rendered happy because they deserve happiness. In this the poet has inculcated a particular providence, and imitated the divine dispensation.

The principal character in the play is Sheva; who is drawn as a man openly niggardly to himself, but secretly benevolent to mankind; to the rich sincere and humble, though apparently hard-hearted; to the poor, rich in goodness, relieving the weary and distressed. Mr. Bernard excels in all characters of Jews; though in this he did not preserve his dialect in the very height of feeling. He however wrought upon the audience with much effect. The sentence,

Thou dost stint thine appetites *to pamper thine* affections,

was given with force and pathos.

The interview with Sir Stephen Bertram was conducted with great correctness, and the passage where spurning the idea of upholding the son against the father, the ensuing words were uttered finely. "I did see your son *struck* down to the *ground* with sorrow; cut to the *heart*; I did not stop to ask *whose* hands had *laid him low*; I gave him *mine* and *raised him up*." He was not in all cases sufficiently energetic; nor in every situation properly discriminative.

In the dialogue with Mrs. Goodison, we can quote an instance. After she informs Sheva, that Mrs. Ratcliffe is the widow of Don Carlos, who they both knew at Cales, *Sheva* says,

"*Mercy upon his heart!* He was the preserver of *my life*; but for *his* charitable succour, *this poor body* would have fed the fires of an *auto de fe*. Is it possible," &c. In this we think Mr. B. was deficient.

In the present state of the company we do not think Mr. Downie an actor decent enough for Frederick; yet in justice to him, though his *dress* was *shabby-genteel*, he acted more tolerably than usual. Mr. Poe could have rendered the interest more lively.

Mr. Usher personated Sir Stephen Bertram, with credit to his talents.—The first interview with Eliza Ratcliffe, as it introduced the most favourable feature in the character of Sir Stephen, so it also surprised us with an unusual degree of tenderness, in the expression of it, by Mr. Usher.

The part of Charles Ratcliffe "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel," was sustained by Mr. Fox with considerable success. But he shewed, in our opinion, more bluster with his sister than is required when he hears of her marriage, so much as to be painful to the mind. The part dictates a different deportment. "There is a weakness lurking at my heart, that warns me how I trust myself too far." Mr. Fox did not discover the *least* sympathy.

Jabal is usually made the second character in this piece; under the personation of Mr. Dickenson though we do not mean to say it belongs to the station, in which it is situated in our remarks, yet we think it was not "*high* enough for high praise, nor *low* enough for no praise."

The female parts by Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Powell, as Mrs. and Miss Ratcliffe, were tolerably well sustained.—In pathetic or sentimental comedy, if Mrs. Powell would turn her attention to it *exclusively*, by a little more elevation of voice, or an articulation rather more distinct, she would render herself particularly interesting and respectable. Her person is admirably adapted to such parts; and her face, while in it

no great variety of passions can be exhibited, its natural pensive appearance would particularly suit this course of performance. Her voice too is set on a sorrowful key, not having quite *strength* enough for heroic tragedy, nor *sharpness* enough for comic vivacity.

Mrs. Shaw on the contrary, though we do not mean to disparage her performance of Mrs. Ratcliffe, certainly does not excel in pathetic. Persons may act a long time without finding their true position. Mrs. Abington thought she could sink with credit to the washing-tub; but was egregiously mistaken. Let Mrs. Shaw only think *so*, and we venture to predict, that Mrs. Abington's ill-success will not await her.

During this performance we derived much satisfaction, notwithstanding some draw-backs on our pleasure; and we have no doubt the audience were astonished with the *Jewish* benevolence, gratified though surprised at the *mercantile* sensibility, and enriched with the noble sentiments with which the Jew of Mr. Cumberland is so amply supplied.

The School of Reform, or, How to Rule a Husband (T. Moreton, Esq.) and the Romp. Friday, Dec. 5.

Scenes from domestic life, and principles and reflections drawn from a diligent observation of common occurrences, are undoubtedly such, as most effectually influence the conduct of mankind. Participating in the feelings of a person no higher in society than ourselves, we watch his progress from virtue to vice with scrupulous attention, and welcome his return from his dangerous ways with unfeigned satisfaction. Influenced by such motives, we are to offer our judgment upon the play before us; and were we to decide merely on the moral effect which it produces, we could have little hesitation in forming an opinion. But we must examine with critical as well as with moral judgment; and consequently must not rate a play excellent because it is pure, any more than we should call a woman lovely, because she is virtuous.

In the School of Reform, some of the *characters* are original; and Tyke especially, is one of the highest wrought which has been produced in modern days. Originally virtuous, and exemplary in his behaviour, he receives a large sum of money for doing Lord Avondale a piece of service, which at once renders him a gambler and a sluggard. His money being lost at races, he is reduced to great straits; and his idleness forbidding him to work, he soon steals a horse, and in consequence is imprisoned, tried, and transported to Botany Bay. From hence, after fourteen years had elapsed, he returns to England with the certain impression that his atrocities had *killed his father*. Guilt being now familiar to him, he attempts a robbery on the high-way, and he is brought before the audience, bound on suspicion, hardened in his villany, and insolent to his accusers. By accident however he obtains relief, and we soon observe the excesses into which his propensities plunge him. After a few theivish tricks, chance brings him in the way of his father, whom he supposes to be dead. He *robs* him, and is on the point of leaving him, when he suddenly hears his *name*. Compunction now agitates his frame, and detestation of his crime, filial affection, and fears of divine vengeance, conspire to kindle the virtue which has laid dormant in his breast and raise it into flame. Encouraged by the virtuous example of his father, he reforms; and he enjoys the pleasure, the guilty always derive, in the relinquishment of their vicious courses. Such is the character of Tyke; that of Lord Avondale, is constructed upon the German plan, and is neither singular nor great.

Ferment and his wife, present us domestic life, under a new aspect; the idea is to rule a husband by inveterate silence. This we think may be an effectual way to prevent quarrels, but must be a miserable expedient to secure attachment. The character of Ferment, is wild, incoherent, and forced; that of his wife, lively, benevolent and wise. He is foolishly ambitious, and she is prudently unaspiring.

As to General Tarragon, there is nothing remarkable about him; the same dogmacy, the same bravery, and the same self-sufficiency, have been seen before, though perhaps not under more flying colours. Frederick does not aspire to original, but is an example of native excellence. It is a character of worth. Generous to his benefactor, he can *suffer* for him; but just

to himself, he cannot *sin*. Other parts are either transiently good or bad, but are rather too unimportant for notice.

The *Plot* involves some inconsistencies, while it contains great interest.—Excepting as an asylum for Mrs. St. Clair, the introduction of Mr. Ferment's family, is useless. Wherein does the instrumentality of either husband or wife contribute to the progress of the fable? *This* question may be asked; and in only one instance, can *that* instrumentality be pointed out. The story of Frederick's fate, developes too soon, insomuch that there exists no doubt, from the first knowledge of Lord Avondale, that he is his father. Neither is the mind satisfied as to what became of Frederick after he had been in possession of Old Tyke, until he was at the philanthropic school.

The situations are often forced and unnatural. First, that of Ferment with General Tarragon, wherein he gives an unfortunate opinion of the General's character; and then, another of Ferment with Tyke and Lord Avondale; this latter situation, while the natural improbability may be advanced against it, also has its similarity to the *first* to contend with. We might mention the introduction of General Tarragon to Lord Avondale as a conceit too forced to be of natural growth.

These deficiencies, however, do not retard the success of the piece; but from their perfectly comic effects give it a spirit. The play, on the whole, is remarkably adapted to the stage, the effect of which Morton seems an excellent judge; and it, besides, may be viewed with interest, as well as improvement by the critical, the virtuous, and particularly by the lazy and profligate.

In speaking of the performances, we shall "nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice."

Mr. Bernard, in Tyke, gave us the first proofs of his power over our feelings. He assaulted them irresistably. The great scene with Lord Avondale, in which he speaks of his father, was played in a masterly manner. The expressions "my mouth's parch'd;" "Brandy, Brandy;" "Under the sod I *may* sleep," were given with surprising effect. In the scene after robbing his father, his acting was well conceived; here, however, in the *burst* of passion, his voice fails. Would not a stiffled *under-tone* have great effect? In the change from vice to virtue, he was conspicuously excellent. We think Tyke by Mr. Bernard one of the best specimens of correct performance we have ever seen in the same line; we had almost said, of any other.

Lord Avondale by Caulfield, was rather stiff and ill-conceived. Besides he plays too much to the audience, and not enough to the person who may happen to be on the stage with him. His voice is audible and distinct, but he gives it no modulation; and he forces it from the natural conversation tone, to the sing-song of tragedy. An instance. "Think'st thou I would live, &c. exposed to public mockery and *scorn-n*." This word scorn, he seems loth to quit, and dwells upon it, till it finds another passage & issues through his nose. Here, is an instance of emphasis misplaced.

"He may command my *services*, how are they to be directed." This sentence too, was greatly hurried. His discrimination was defective in this passage. "And must I stoop to dissemble?" He did not give himself a moment's thought; no conclusion seemed to result in his mind; but he *at once*, hurried on—"Robert, I am satisfied."

Mr. Caulfield possesses many requisists for a good performer, figure, voice, sometimes judgment and a command of the scene; and though we have mentioned the above defects, he nevertheless created considerable interest.

Ferment, by Mr. Fox, was too much caricatured to require particular exposure; his success with the pit and gallery, prompted him probably so much to over-step "nature's modest bounds."

Mr. Dickenson, is deficient in energy of voice for General Tarragon; his conception was very good.

Mr. Usher, in Frederick, gave considerable force to some scenes: but he is ill calculated for the lover.

The cast of the female parts by no means suited our ideas. Had Mrs. Powell changed her place for that of Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Stanley taken that of Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Shaw excluded Mrs. Downie, the cast would have been perfect. But we must judge of them as they were, not as they ought to be.

Mrs. St. Clair, was not acted well.—The pronunciation of Mrs. Shaw is incorrect. *Lord Averndale* is an example.

We wish we could consistently praise Mrs. Powell, in Mrs. Ferment, her talents are not suited to light comedy. Besides, her voice wants the variety of tone so essential to such parts. We hope an accommodation may take place, and that Mrs. Stanley may be introduced to the audience in high-life comedy; as it is, we can only hope

When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece,
Stanley encourag'd then shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day:
Brought into action, *she at once shall raise*
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

In conclusion, the School of Reform was undoubtedly the most interesting piece the season has produced.

[*A literary friend favoured us with the loan, for a few days, of a late English production entitled "The Miseries of Human Life." We believe it is the only copy in town. It details the conversation of two gentlemen* in love with misery, *who meet to exceed each other in groans over the various evils of life. But of all whining over misfortune and accident, we think the* groans *of Messrs. Sensitive and Testy are the most fanciful and ludicrous.*

"*The Miseries of Human Life*" *is an admirable satire on the folly of fretfulness, finished with all the vivacity of wit and genius that distinguishes Swift's celebrated Directions to Servants. The fertility and aptness of classical allusion is remarkably ingenious. We are enabled to lay a few extracts before our readers, which will support our opinion.*]

MISERIES OF WALKING.

Walking through a boundless field of fresh-ploughed clay-land; and carrying home, at each foot, an undesired sample of the soil, of about ten or twelve pounds weight.

Ned. Tes. Ah! this is, as *Dryden* says,—

"A trifling sum of *misery*
New added to the *foot* of thy account!"

Testy. While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the bog clay; and then, in making a long a desperate stretch (which fails) with t hope of recovering it, leaving the *oth* in the same predicament:—the seco stage of ruin is that of standing, or ra er tottering, in blank despair, with b feet planted, ancle-deep, in the qua mire.—The last (I had almost said t dying) scene of the tragedy—that deliberately cramming first one, a then the other clogged polluted f into its choaked-up shoe, after havi *scavengered* your hands and gloves slaving to drag up each, separately, o of its deep bed, and in this state p ceeding on your walk—is too dreadf for representation. The crown of t catastrophe is, that each of the par floundering in his, or her, own gulp is utterly disabled from assisting, being assisted by, the rest.

Sensitive. Pushing through the ve narrow path of a very long field of ve high corn, immediately after a ve heavy rain:—*nankeens.*

Tes. On paying a visit to your g den in the morning for the purpose regaling your eye and nose with t choice ripe fruit with which it h abounded the day before, finding th the whole produce of every tree a bush has been *carefully gathered—in t night!*

Sen. In attempting to spring ca lessly, with the help of one hand, ov a five-barred gate, by way of shewi your activity to a party of ladies behi you (whom you affect not to have o served) blundering upon your nose the other side.

School Miseries.

Tes. Waking, in a bitter winter-mo ing, with the recollection that you immediately to get up by candle-lig out of your snug warm bed, to shiv out to school, through the snow, for t purpose of being flogged as soon as y arrive.

Seeing the boy who is next abo you flogged for a repetition which y cannot say even half so well as he di

Dancing.

Entering into the figure of a count dance with so much spirit, as to for your leg and foot through the mus drapery of your fair partner.

Sen. I will *now* give you a hall-ro "Groan," with which nothing in H

bein's "Dance of Death" can stand a moment's comparison:

When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might;—then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicksome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples (who having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit)—incessantly vociferating, as you romp and gallop along, "Hands across, sir, for heaven's sake!"—"Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!"—"Right and left, or I'm a dead man!"—&c. &c.

Cards.

Tes. A pack of cards which stick so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and—the deal.

Music.

While accompanying another *on the flute*—being distanced, in a quick passage, by having to turn over in the middle of a bar.

Ned Tes. "*And* panting time *toil'd after him in vain.*" JOHNS.

Drawing.

Sen. After having nearly completed a drawing of a Head, on which you have long been working very laboriously—leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

Ned Tes.

"*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus*
"*Tam cari* capitis?" HOR.

Tes. Exhausting your faculties, for a whole evening together, in vain endeavours to guess at a riddle, conundrum, &c. though you are assured, all the time, that it is as easy as the a, b, c.

Going to see a party of strolling players, on the strength of an encouraging report that they are execrable; but finding them so *intolerably tolerable*, that even the most heart-breaking scenes of their tragedy scarcely afford you one hearty laugh.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

VARIETY.

The taste of some people is so fastidious that there is no possibility of pleasing it. Do you offer them poetry, they wish prose; do you give them entertaining literature, they can bear nothing that is trifling; science they consider as dulness, fiction as levity—having no standard of taste, they have no determinate ideas of excellence; they blame the author when themselves are in fault, and attribute to his want of understanding whatshould be carried to the account of their own folly.

CRITICS.

It ought not to be expected of an author that he will be a friend to the critics. If, as the proverb says, "two of a trade cannot agree," certainly union cannot be expected between the manufacturer and those who are employed in running down his wares. Dermody thus gives the portrait of these *wise men*.

There are a set of imitation hunters who will not allow the justice of my observations, as it hinders them of much malicious amusement and debars them from imputing to an author various transgressions which he never dreamed of. These strange animals who batten on scraps, have the eyes of the lynx to imperfections and the mole's blindness to beauty, are not satisfiedwith being displeased themselves, but wish to make the world so likewise.

REASON.

Sweet are the hours of retirement and friendship. Far more than all those which pomp and fashion can assemble round them when the heart is cold and insensible. Why should any body with a refined taste,

a cultivated mind, a pure and tender heart, sigh for splendor and the society of the great and gay, a society which has banished affection out of its precincts. The inhabitants of such a world seem to me in their most harmless state to be bodies without souls, at best but elegant phantoms.

POLITENESS.

Politeness has been defined to be an abridgement of every good quality. It makes people equally desirous to show their good will towards their fellow creatures, and unwilling to give pain. Others have defined it to be the art of doing little things with grace; and again that system of conduct which endeavours to make every body easy with his conduct.

The Emperor Theodosius passed a decree to this effect: "If any person commits an offence against us, let him escape punishment. If he does it from levity of disposition, he deserves our contempt; if from madness, our compassion; if from malice, we pardon him, as having done the greater injury to himself."

To all Ladies whom it may concern.

A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should *not* be like.

First. She should be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she should *not* be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back.

Secondly. She should be like an echo—to speak when spoken to; but she should *not* be like an echo always to have the last word.

Thirdly. She should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should *not* be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

RETORT VALIANT.

Two Spanish officers having a v olent quarrel, one accused the oth with a slackness in the times of da ger, and added that such pusillan mous conduct would certainly ru his character. "Well," replied t accused, "I should never incur t accusation of feeling any fears if was sent against troops compos of such men as you."

ANECDOTE.

A miser, who was asked why h had married a girl from his ow kitchen, said, "that the union w attended with a double advantag it saved him not only the expen of a wife, but the tax on a servant.

To a Lady who complained that her e was blood-shot.

O be not afraid,
Tho' your eye is all red.
While your cheeks my dear Katy, ar ruddy.
For so many die
By the stroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We give welcome to the STRA GER, and sincerely hope her stay wi be long enough to make us better a quainted. Her communication is type, and will appear next week.

The "WITTY SOCIETY" have f voured us with an anecdote which are informed afforded them great mirt The habit of attending to these su jects may enable them to find humo where we should never suspect it; the present case they will excuse o not publishing what we cannot unde stand.

We wish we could gratify ARMEN

——— *O'er her early years*
Grief premature has stretch'd her lur wing,
Dissolved the eye of happiness in tears,
And nipp'd the budding honours of t spring.

If she will turn to our former numbe she will perceive her desire is inco sistent with our regular plan.

The BATCHELOR'S VISITS, com menced in the last number, will be co tinued next week.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....24.

THE JACKAL AND THE CAMELEON.

Would you thro' life serenely glide,
And safely sail on Fortune's tide,
Observe the setting of the seas.
And trim your sails to suit the breeze?
Would you, your fame, desire to see,
Rise like a tall and stately tree,
Then let the willow not the oak,
Your emulating powers provoke.
Would you, my simple lovesick swain,
Your heart's desire, your mistress gain,
Soon will you all her scruples brave,
If first you own yourself her slave.
Would you, my youthful politician,
Make rapid strides towards ambition,
Do not at first too proudly stalk,
Children should creep before they walk.
Would you possess the mystic grace,
To keep securely in your place,
Increase in arbitrary sway,
And ever firmly stand—give way.
What frequent revolutions wait,
Important matters of the state!
The Jackals, who have serv'd the realm
Prime ministers, time out of mind,
Have not of late been at the helm,
Can any beast a reason find?
Why is there seen to fill the place,
A creature of Cameleon race?
These questions, on a summer's day,
A Jackal thought it wise to ask,
As in bright Phœbus' liquid ray,
The politician chanc'd to bask.
Ask you these things for information,
Or as a help to conversation?
Are you with politics inspir'd?
Thus the Cameleon inquir'd—
And then, without reply, display'd,
And thus, the politician's trade
Should majesty request advice,
The plans he wishes to pursue,
He complaisantly, in a trice
Has his complexion change my hue.
Will I the Lion's wrath awake,
By telling him he has at stake,
His honor, friends and good report—
Things seldom mention'd at a court?
Sooth his most prepost'rous whim,
Weep if he weeps, & with him smile,
Call my *words* consent to him,
No matter what I think the while.
Such characters are marks of strife,
Be prudent maxims guard your life,
Keep on your tongue a due restriction,
And fly the snare of contradiction,
Should you presume to think there's sense
In poverty—your int'rest flags;
Then put on pride and consequence
And keep not company with rags.
Make up the dose of flattery strong,
It ever suits the vulgar throng,
And often proves refreshing showers,
To sterile hearts of higher powers.
Thus, master Jackal stands the case,
Pray come you here, to seek a place?
I had—the traveller rejoin'd—
Some thoughts, but now I change my my mind.
I ne'er can be Ambition's tool,
Call me a weak, but honest fool;
The name, contented, will I hear,
Let me my sentiments revere.
Will not the nation soon decay
When sycophantic wretches sway,
Like thee—the type of lies at least,
And more a reptile than a beast?
With indignation I retire,
Flattery and lies arouse my ire;
By such base means I scorn to shine,
Be truth and independence mine.
He said—and sought from whence he came,
Domestic peace, and rural fame.

HUMANITY.....AN EXTRACT.

"When boist'rous storms war in the air,
And fierce and loud do war;
And showers of chilling snow descend,
Think of the *starving* POOR.

What pure delight may be enjoy'd
Be ye who wealth possess;
For wealth gives you the envied pow'r,
The child of want to *bless!*

Then let not misery crave in vain
For pity at your door;
But with humane and generous hearts
Relieve the *wretched* POOR.

With willing hand apply a balm
To each corroding wound—
The naked clothe—the hungry feed—
In *these* true joy is found.

They're also pleasing to our GOD,
And register'd in Heaven;
Which far, in worth, exceeds all wealth,
That e'er to man was given."

FRIENDSHIP IN COLD WEATHER.

In this cold season, what can cheer
The drooping mind, or banish fear
So well as friendship's power;
Which like the golden orb of day
Can throw a sweet enliv'ning ray,
And gild the gloomiest hour.

Friendship all hail! thou balm of woe,
From thee does every comfort flow,
Which death alone can end;
Whate'er misfortunes do arise,
Tho' health, or wealth, or pleasure flies,
Unmov'd remains the friend.

SONG.

The girl of my Heart.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds, I have deer, I have hounds,
And for sporting a neat little cottage,
I have youth, I have health, I have strength, I have wealth,
Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage
What can I want? 'tis the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me;
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends, and sustains social friends, [ting;
Which makes music divinely enchan
We have balls, we have plays, we have routs, public days,
And yet still I find something wanting; [heart,
What should it be, but the girl of my
To share these pleasures with me?
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart.

EPIGRAMS.

On an eminent modern Preacher.

Pollio must need to penitence excite;
For, see, his scarf is rich, his gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd,
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner's able to withstand
The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh, than fifty who re-
pent: [fines,
On moral duties, when his tongue re-
Tully and *Plato* are his best divines;
What *Matthew* says, or *Mark*, the proof
but small;
What *Locke* or *Clarke* asserts—good
scripture all:
Touch'd with each weakness which he
does arraign,
With vanity, he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness
guide, [pride;
Proud of his periods levell'd against
Ambitious by the love of glory slights,
And damns the love of fame—for which
he writes.

The Likeness incomplete.

Ned would liken himself to *Achilles* of old,
I hope he'll admit of a single correction;
In his heel lay *Achilles'* *danger* we're told,
Whilst *Ned* in his heels finds his only
protection.

Addressed to the Ladies.

OFFICIOUS art! how could'st thou
e'er invent
The use of veils! which surely must
be meant
To hide deformity, and not to screen
The face where elegance itself is seen.
Ye fair, who are so lucky to possess
The charms of beauty in its native dress,
Give up your unfit veils to those poor
creatures,
Whom NATURE hath not grac'd with
handsome features.

Equality at last.

I dreamt that buried in my native clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And as so mean an object shock'd my
pride,
Thus, like a corpse of quality I cried—
Scoundrel! begone; and henceforth
touch me not, [rot
More manners learn, and at a distance
How—Scoundrel; with a haughty tone
cry'd he,
Proud lump of earth! I scorn thy words
and thee.
For all are equal now--thy case is mine—
This is my rotting place—& that is thine

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG,
No. 70, State Street.